SHE PAINTS THE EMPEROR.

MME. PARLAGHY'S SUCCESS WITH WILLIAM IL'S PORTRAITS.

It Has Made Her One of the Mos Prominent Artists of Germany-Her Experiences in Berlin-Her Studio.

To have painted an emperor from life would, it must be admitted, under any circumstances go a long way toward establishing the fame and reputation of an lishing the fame and reputation of an artist. But, apart from the sentimental desire to follow in the shadow of royalty, people may also be influenced by very reasonable considerations regarding such a painter. With a world full of artists from which to choose, any one of whom would consider himself highly honored to be selected for the work, it is only a fair assumption that an emperor, if any one, sumption that an emperor, if any one, ought to be able to secure the best in the arket. And it is an emperor, without a doubt, who has by his patronage caused Mme. Vilma Parlaghy to become, within the past two or three years, the most talked of portrait painter in Germany. Her ability was, to be sure, recognized long before that, and her work known in the salons of other European countries; but it remained for the imperial touch to put upon it a different aspect-in a word, to



MME. VILMA PARLAGHY.

make Mme. Parlaghy the fashionable painter of the day.

The German emperor has had seven or eight different portraits of himself painted by Mme. Parlaghy, but it was on one special occasion, about two years ago, that his preference for her work caused much commotion and grief in the artistic circles of Berlin and of the empire. The facts of the case, widely taiked of at the time, are these. Among the great number of artists whose pictures were submitted that year to the Berlin academy, in competition for the coveted gold medal, Professor Wallot obtained the trophy, at the decision of the judges. The choice was not at all in harmony with the emperor's ideas, and he proceeded to remedy matters by doing a very unusual thing. That is, he took the power of award away from the judges, and himself commanded that the medal be given to Mme. Parlaghy. The disgust of the older padniers at the sudden prominence of this newcomer, and their jealousy of her success, may easily be imagined, but their iii-will has had absolutely no effect upon her growing popularity.

Vilma Parlaghy, who is now about 30 years old, is a Hungarian, and comes of a noble family in Budapest. She showed remarkable talents for both music and painting while she was still a child, and almost her first work in the latter line was done in the Budapest galleries, where she made many copies of paintings by the old masters. From there she went to Vienna, where she studied under the best teachers in the city, and practically began her original work. Although still so young a woman, Mme. Parlaghy had had the advantage of study in all the noted art centers of Europe, and has been a devoted and enthusiastic worker at her chosen profession.

From Vienna she went to Munich: from there to Florence, to become acquainted

Some of Mme. Parlaghy's portraits were seen here at the Chicago world's fair.

Tall and handsome, with dark eyes and hair and a beautifully proportioned figure. Mme. Parlaghy is striking in her personal appearance. She is immensely popular in the social circles of Berlin, and, if she accepted all the invitations which are showered upon her, would have little time left for her work. She is an excellent horseworm, and is especially fond of that exercise. The artist is not above the traditional feminine fondness for fine clothes, which she is able, moreover, to indulge to an almost royal extent. Her studio, at No. 12 Unter den Linden, is perhaps the most beautiful in Berlin. It is gorgeously decorated with tapestries and paintings, and is filled with objects of art and curiosities collected by the artist on ner extensive European travels. She has a country place at Baden-Baden, where she spends a part of each summer.

In obedience to her physician, who pre-

NIGHT OF TERROR AND COLD. With an Avenger at the Window and an ley Blast to Shiver In.

From the New York Sun.
It was Saturday night at a cheap downtown hotel. A stranger had happened in early in the evening. He wore a bearskin cap and was the huskiest-looking man in the place. He sat around the office all the evening and entertained the regulars with

cap and was the huskiest-looking man in the place. He sat around the office all the evening and entertained the regulars with stories of mountain life. He intimated that he had been a United States marshal and had spent most of his life hunting moonshiners. He had been shot at a hundred times and had been shot at dozen times. He had the proud record of never having lost a man, and he had captured as many as three men at a time, all of them desperate characters.

When it came time to go to bed the clerk said there wasn't a room in the house left, and the stranger would have to double up witif somebody. Stump Carroll, who was a regular, and has a wooden leg, voluntered to take the stranger in. The stranger registered as Luke Collins, and he and Stump went off to bed. What happened in the waster of the bed. What happened in the waster of the bed. What happened in the ribs and says. Hist, now, will yer? I says 'Hist yourselt.' He says, 'Burglars.' I says, 'Let 'em come; we sin't got nothin' to lose.' He says, 'He's lookin' in the winder. Heaven help us,' he says. 'It's Spiky Bill, me enemy. He'll will us, and me gun's in hock.' I was scared. I says, 'Why didn't ye tell me, ye pie-faced whelp, that ye had a man lookin' fur ye?'

"I could feel him a-shakin' and I could hear his teeth chatter, and he says again, 'His face looks like a devil's in hell.' He says. 'Oh, Lord, he's murder in his heart.'

"Then I slid out and crawled under the bed. Well, I laid there, with the bed shake in 'above me, for ten minutes and the mug in it prayin'. I says, in ten minutes, 'Yell, ye whelp, yell.' I says, and just as I says it the whelp reached down and gets one of his shoes. There was a smash o' glass and a thump that I thought the house was comin' down. The whelp above me lets out a war whoop and says, 'I done him.' I laid still. 'He's gone, said the whelp: 'T done him in one shot, he says. 'I never misses me man. I knocked him off the fire escape.'

"Are ye sure he's gone?' said I. 'Sure, says he. And I crawled out, a cursin' hi

EMPEROR WILLIAM OF GERMANY.

with the Italian school; thence to Holland, where she worked in Amsterdam and in The Hague, and finally to the Mecca of all art students, Paris. After remaining in that city for a considerable length of time Mme. Paraghy went back to Vienna, and from there came at last to Berlin, where her greatest triumphs have been achieved. In addition to Emperor William, the list of prominent persons who have sat to Mme. Paraghy for their portraits is a long one. King William II., of Wurtemberg, and his wife, Queen Charlotte, were so much pleased by the young Hungarian's pictures of themselves that they could scarcely honor her enough. At their court she received, beside she gold medal of Art and Science and of Order of the Crown, a superb necklace of pearls, upon the classe of which are engraved "W. and C.," the royal initials.

Prince Bismarck is another of her patrons, and it is related that the great statesman went personally into his knichen to order refreshments for the young painter at work. Mme. Parlaghy's portrait of Count Eulenberg, master of cermonies at the imperial court, is a work which has received great praise, as has also the picture of Stablewski, archbishop of Posen and Gnesen.

Among the many other dignitaries who own portraits from her brush may be mentioned the celebrated Dr. Windthorst. Count and Counters von Moltke, the Baroness Rothschild, the Prince of Wales. Count Caprivl, Professor Leyden, physician to the empress of Russia: the playwright, Bauernfeld, the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, the Duchess of Oldenburg and Baron Ladislas de Szogyeny. Austrian ambassador to the German court. This last portrait was in the Paris salon in 1894 and won high commendation. Mme. Parlaghy also received the gold medal at the Paris salon of 1852. A portrait which the artist has done of her own mother, the Baroness Zollendorf is an attractive piece of work, showing a woman of 50 or thereabouts, with a fine face, which must have been beautiful in her youth.

At present Mme. Parlaghy has more or-

in her youth.

At present Mme. Parlaghy has more orders for pictures than she will be able to fill for some time, among them being invitations to paint Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, Queen Margherita of Italy, and members of the English royal family.

royal initials.
Prince Bismarck is another of her

porter.
"He says, 'And you was shiverin' to death

"He says, 'And you was shiverin' to death all night, with the wind comin' in through the hole in the lookin' glass."

It takes Stump longer to dress than it does other folks. Luke Collins beat him at it and got away, and Stump and the hotel clerk are fighting about the pay for the broken glass. Stump says he took the stranger in to oblige the clerk. The clerk says the stranger was Stump's guest and Stump is responsible.

Dark are the mounds where the snow-blast is sweeping.
Wild is the cry of the wind on its flight,
Cold is the drift that the north wind is

heaping Over the nursling alone in the night! Alone in the night and the dark that went

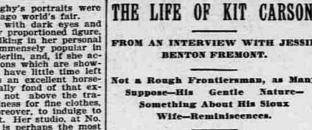
creeping
Out of her arms but a daybreak ago!
Anguished with sorrow, her watch she is
keeping.
Far would she follow through storm and
through snow.

Nay, tender mother, have done with your

weeping, Not in the night and the dark has he

part! His all of bright heaven save when he is

sleeping And dreaming of heaven, warm, warm in



Not a Rough Frontiersman, as Many Suppose-His Gentle Nature-Something About His Sloux Wife-Reminiscences.

BENTON FREMONT.

"As a frontiersman, his name and fame are everywhere known; but there are, perhaps, few who think of him except as the hero of wild adventures. That he was, but he was more. Nothing could be more mistaken than to think of him as a rough borderer." Mrs. Fremont sat a little forward in her chair, the fine old face lighting with that fire which will never be forgotten by any who have known the helpmeet and widow of our Pathfinder.

"Kit Carson was a man among men; a type of the real American pioneer, not only fearless, but clear-headed, as gentle as he was strong. He had the true courtesy of the heart; and withal a quiet pride—much as Richard the Lion Heart and his knights, who thanked God they were not clerks.

"His nature was literally sweet—sweet by its wholesomeness—sweet as a clear-cut winter morning is sweet.

"When he was to come to our house for the first time (he had just ridden overland from California on his mission from General Fremont, and my father, then in St. Louls, charged him to visit us) my mother was a little uneasy. He was accompanied From the Land of Sunshine.

was a little uneasy. He was accompanied



KIT CARSON IN 1867.

by Edward Beale, then a midshipman, afterward General Beale. Carson was shy and reserved, and his welcome as one who had been Fremont's companion and righthand man overwhelmed him. Yet he was not awkward. A perfect gentleman, his dignity and delicacy completely disarmed my mother. He had been 'afraid the ladies might not care to have him there if they knew he had married a Sioux wife. But she was a good woman,' he declared. 'I never came in from hunting but she had water warm for my feet.' I have always remembered that—it was so like the simplicity of the Bible.

"Carson was perfectly Saxon, clear and fair, with light, thin 'baby hair,' blue eyes, light eye-brows and lashes, and a fair skin. He was very short, and unmistakably handy-legged; long-bodied and short-limbed, a man of great strength and vitality. On a horse he was superb—one of the most perfect riders of the frontier. And he was one of the best marksmen.

"He had a quick and gentle sense of humor. There was no self-consciousness in him nor hitterness.

numor. There was no self-consciousness in nim, nor bitterness. "It used to delight him to go to the market (we were in Washington) and watch the crowds and talk with the market peo-ple. That it could be so easy to procure food was a revelation to him. As my mother said, he who had so often had to risk his life for a mouthful could appre-

food was a revelation to him. As my mother said, he who had so often had to risk his life for a mouthful could appreciate this abundance.

"He was devoted to my daughter Lilly, then 7 years old. She seemed wonderful to him, for the children he bad known on the frontier had not had many advantages and he was surprised at her ideas. Sensitive to every generous and refined impulse, as he was, he was charming to children.

"One day, I remember, he bought a pair of turtle doves in the market, and brought them home to Lill in a squirrel cage. It was in Washington, in the slave days; but he brought the cage in his own hand-a thing no white person thought of doing there in those days. He told her how, in the wilderness, he used to hear the doves call, and that when he was in the market and heard these lamenting, he wished to get them for her. The child was faithful in caring for them, but one hot September day, fagged and willted, she forgot them and they were drooping. I was going care for them, but he said: 'No, let her see what she has done; one lesson will be enough for her.

"She attended to them, and then Carson took her on his knee and talked to her with the very feeling of the Hindoos—that the life of the smallest creature should never be taken except at need. Next day, in looking over Littell's Living Age, he found Andersen's 'The Lark and the Daisy,' and had me read it to him—Lill sobbing and Carson comforting her.

"I went to school in a log cabin schoolhouse,' he said. 'One day there came the cry of Injuns and I ran with the men—and thar it lays! But I would give \$5,000 if I could read as you can!"

"There was an illustrated edition of Byron in the parlor, and in it one day Carson came upon the steel engraving of Mazeppa and he began to see what it meant.

"Read it to me,' he cried at last. 'You can read it so much faster.'

"So I read it to him. He walked up and dows, intensely stirred.

There never yet was human power That could evade. If unforgiven.

There never yet was human power That could evade, if unforgiven, The patient search and vigil long Of him who treasures up a wrong!

"That's it! That's the word! he broke out. 'He knows how it is! It took me three years before I could go back and thank those Blackfeet for robbing my "caches." After this I had to read 'Mazeppa' to him nearly every day.

those Blackfeet for robbing my "caches."
After this I had to read 'Mazeppa' to him
nearly every day.

"Carson was of Kentucky stock, transplanted to Missourl. His simplicity, like
his courage, was of the old pioneer stamp,
My mother said to him one day: 'You must
have had a great many fights.'

"I never had a fight of my own but
one,' Carson answered. 'That was with a
Frenchman. He said the Americans were
cowards and darsn't fight. I told him that
I was an American and that I was his
man. And we fit.' He turned back his
collar unconsciously and simply and showed the wound by his collar-bone.

"This first visit of Carson to our home
lasted three weeks, and he enjoyed seeing
and comprehending the life of cities. He
never could get over his surprise and pleasure at seeing how easy it was to get food
here without danger. But he was not dazzled.

"They are princes bere in their fine

here without danger. But he was not dazzled.

"They are princes here in their fine
houses,' he said, 'and with people to wait
on them. But on the plains we are the
princes, and their lives would be worth
nothing without us.'

"Yet the hot days of waiting were long
to him-waiting on the politicians of the
state department while his captain's interests called. They were trying to let California work out its own solution, that
they might not have to compromise themselves between Fremont and some of his
army people.

they might not have to compromise themselves between Fremont and some of his army people.

"Carson soon found out for himself that they were not to be depended upon. When he had an interview with Buchanan—who had gray hair, a white waistcoat and cravat and a most respectful air—Carson again felt that he had been trified with. He told the secretary the grass was falling, and unless he got away at once there would be no food for the horses on the long journey—and still he was put off. 'Who would have thought it?' he mused. 'And such a fair looking gentleman, too! But he was deceitful!"

"Buchanan offered Carson an escort of soldiers—which alarmed the frontiersman. Said he: 'I don't want soldiers. I want men. Give me Andrew Sublette and one other—men that know the country. What use would soldiers be?

"But at last he got away, and I accompanied him and Mr. Beale to St. Louis, whence Carson set out on his long return ride to California, there to find the delay had accomplished its purpose. His captain had been brought back under arrest by General Kearny.

"It was nearly twenty years before his second and last visit. The winning of the West had been accomplished. The civil war had come and gone. The famous ploneer and scout of the old days was now Colonel Carson. He had achieved distinction for gallant and valuable service in the army and honest and competent record as an Indian agent.

my and honest and competent record as an Indian agent. "But it was a sad visit. He was already follow through storm and owners, have done with your ght and the dark has he theaven save when he is of heaven, warm, warm in —Harper's Bazar.

But it was a sad visit. He was already stricken with death and his face was drawn with suffering. A half broken' animal had dragged him, entangled in his reata, inflicting mortal injuries. Yet the indomitable will held him up, and the old sweetness and considerateness and simplicity still marked his nature. He must fulfill his mission, and he must get back to his single hearted wife in Taos, N. M. After the death of his indian wife he had married a sister-in-daw of Maxwell, of the famous Maxwell land grant. He reached home; but the end was near, His wife

died of grief at his condition, leaving a young babe, and in a few months he followed her.

"Carson, Owens and Godey were Fremont's 'Three Musketeers.' Each was a specialist. All were singularly cool, brave, resourceful—and faithful, beyond chance of change or failure. It was not in them.

"Carson's adventurous life as hunter, trapper and scout is a part of our history. He was one of the finest types of the American backwoodsman. As Lieutenant Walpole, of H. M. S. Collingwood, who witnessed the arrival of Fremont and his men at Monterey, wrote in his 'Four Years in the Pacific':

"Her were true trappers; the class that produced the heroes of Fenimore Cooper's best works.

He has one or two with him who enjoy a high reputation on the prairies. Kit Carson is as well known there as the duke (of Wellington) is in Europe.' FROM AN INTERVIEW WITH JESSIE

"He is known for what he did, but I have cared to speak to you rather of what he was—the heart he had, the clear, simple, large nature,"

MARGARET'S DREAM.

A Pretty Story of Child Life-The Scene in a Colorado Home.

Margaret's mother had brought her and the baby brother to a small village of Colorado. The village was little more than a ranch, and the small houses looked very poor to them after living in the beautiful city in the East. The broad, level prairie stretched brown and bare as far as the eye could reach except toward the west, there a range of mountains was plainly

Margaret missed her home, and she thought the flat country without trees very tiresome, even though the sky was always blue and the sun ever shining, Brother was happy, for he liked to dig with his shovel and fill his bucket with the soft, sandy soil. At first, when she thought of her old friends and playmates, she was very unhappy and cried often. Her mother told her one day, whenever she felt lonely, to look at the mountains and they would become her friends. She did not understand this, but the more she looked at them, the more beautiful they seemed. Now she loved to watch the lofty peaks with the clouds and shadows passing over them. She wanted so much to go to the mountains, and her mother had prom-ised she would take her to see them some time. To-day she longed more than ever to go, and after supper she came out and sat down on the doorstep and looked again at her loved mountains.

at her loved mountains.

Behind them, there was a wondrous golden light, that extended far up into the sky till it became a pale amber. Margaret watched till all the gold had faded out, and as her mother called her to bed, she thought what a beautiful place it must be where the light came from. After she had gone to bed, and was thinking of the beautiful light, she opened her eyes and found the moonlight shining in the room. Her eyes opened wider and wider, for the light which came into her room did not shine all over it, but formed a broad path which led from her bed to the window. As she got up and started toward it, she found herself walking on this shining pathway out of the window. The path did not end here, but it became a broad road, and Margaret could see it led straight to the mountains and was only a part of the beautiful light which shone from behind them. She walked along this road, which she thought must be laid especially for her, as she met no one along the way. The night was very dark, but she did not feel afraid because the path was so bright. In a very short time she reached the place from whence the light came.

The path passed between two mountains and Margaret walked through a vast gateway. The road stopped suddenly and she found herself at the top of a fight of steps. They were not bright like the path, but were narrow, and dark, and steep, and the stones were mossy and damp. The dim light was just enough to show her that they were slippery, or she would have fallen to the bottom. She climbed carefully down the steps till she came to the bottom, and then a wonderful sight was before her. She was in a vast canon. On either side rose high mountains. They were no like any mountains she had ever seen, but were bright with golden light, and it seemed to come from the inside of the mountains, as if it were shining through colored glass. This light lit up the canon, and as she walked along she picked little flowers that grew among the rocks.

She thought she had never seen a place so beautiful. T nt her loved mountains.

Behind them, there was a wondrous golden light, that extended far up into the sky

and presently it would glide out from under a rock, and on and on it would go. She walked awhile, listening to the music of the stream, till presently she thought she would climb down and drink the clear water.

the stream, till presently she thought she would climb down and drink the clear water.

"What are you doing here?"

The voice startled her so that she almost fell into the water. She could not see anyone, and thought she must have been mistaken, but as she went forward, she ran against something, and a voice again said, "What do you want?" She saw standing near her a very queer looking little man. He was too large for a fairy, so she decided he must be a dwarf. She was not afraid of the little man, though his large head, shaggy hair and big eyes were not pretty, but there was a kindly look about his face. "Are you looking for gold?" said the dwarf, and she knew that it was he who had spoken before.

"No, but I should like to have some," said Margaret.

"What do you want with it?" asked the dwarf.

"Oh, my mother is ill, and I want ever so.

"Oh, my mother is ill, and I want ever so much for her, and if we had more money papa could come out to see us," replied Margaret.

"I will give you all the gold you can carry home, since you wish to do good with it. Do you see the light in the mountains? That is gold which is behind the rocks, and belongs to the dwarfs. We only know how to get it out. Go on till you come to the mountain ash that hangs full of red berries." She could not ask him more, for he had suddenly disappeared. She hastened on, but the path grew narrower and oftentimes the thick bushes hid it from her sight. The stream grew broader, and soon a great roar filled her ears, and she found that the path had come to a place where the stream changed to a great waterfall and her way led down some steps. She climbed carefully down, and when she reached the bottom the great fall was in front of her. She picked her way along the slippery rocks till she came from behind the fall. The canon was much wider here and the little stream with which she had started out was now a great river. On its banks grew many trees. These were low and close together, and Margaret saw no path to guide her feet. She must go on, so she plunged into the thicket, which was quite dark. She had not gone far when she heard a great fluttering, and she saw large birds flying about her. She quickened her pace, for they came flying at her. chattering in a noisy way. She knew they were displeased because they had been disturbed. Only a glance was needful to show her they were mapples. They few at her so furiously she feared they would peck her eyes out. Putting her hands over her eyes to shield them, she ran on as fast as she could, not knowing where, but wishing to escape from the angry birds. She ran till she could run no longer, and was as about to stop from weariness when the thicket came to an end and the birds ceased to pursue her.

She sank on the ground exhausted. How long she lay there she did not know, but all at once she heard a bird singing in a tree above her. She liste

VI STRAIN SO STATE

TO SPAN YELLOWSTONE'S BIG CANYON

A Big Deal on Foot to Secure a Franchise for an Elevator and a Trolley in Midair to Connect Cliff With Cliff.

What is considered by many travelers as the grandest single piece of scenery in the world—the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone, at the lower falls—is threatened with invasion by projectors of money making schemes. Numerous attempts have been made from time to time to secure privileges for trolley lines and other defacing enterprises in the National park, but the authorities at Washington refused all offers of big returns.

A trolley line through the Grand canon section of the great government reservation would pay tremendous profits, and any number of Jake Sharps have been hanging about the interior department for the past few years with arguments in favor of granting franchises. But it is only within the past few weeks that the interior of the park have met with any



THE PROJECTED AERIAL TROLLEY OVER YELLOWSTONE FALLS.

encouragement from the government officials.

Senator Vest, who has long been known as one of the strongest opponents in congress of any invasion of Yellowstone park, has asked the senate to request the secretary of the interior for information as to the proposed erection of a steam elevator on the brink of the Grand canyon, immediately below the lower falls. Mr. Vest has information to the effect that the interior department is about to sanction the elevator scheme, and that other privileges for money making projects are to be granted at once to companies having the backing of prominent men.

Congress will probably be asked by Mr. Vest and other senators to check these invasions of the park so that this wonder of nature may be retained in all its original beauty, but the elevator and other schemes for carrying tourists up and down and

SOME GOOD BEAR STORIES.

THE OLD MISSOURIAN TELLS OF EARLY DAYS IN THE STATE.

Against a Cub for \$500 a Side-Two Bull Dogs Were Different -Swimming With Bears.

The old Missourian was looking through the window at the snow on Valentine day. "It used to snow a heap more 'an it does o' late years," said he, as he put his newspaper aside and settled back in his chair

for a talk.
"'Cept the big snow o' three year ago this month, they hain't been many big snows like they used to was.
"All over Missouri the winter o' 1854-5 was awful fur snow. Got up one mornin' in Jinnerwary an' found the snow drifted ergin' the door so bad that I couldn't git through. Had to crawl outen the winder

an' go 'round an' do a heap o' shovelin'
'fore could go in an' outen the door.

through. Had to erawl outen the winder an' go 'round an' do a heap o' shovelin' 'fore could go in an' outen the door.

"The snow was drifted clean up to the eave on one side o' the cabin. It stayed there, too, fur two ur three weeks. Snow lay on that spring 'til' way in April.

"That is, it done that away in Hacklebarney, where I lived.

"While the snow lay up ergin' the side o' the cabin the wolves used to go up on the roof o' nights an' howl an' keep us erwake.

"Yes, we had dogs, an' good ones, too. But dogs hain't no good to keep wolves' way, when they gits used to 'em. Dogs' ll make a heap o' fuss fur a few nights an' then they'll jime the band an' play with the wolves, ur else let 'em do as they please.

"Wa'n't we afeerd o' 'em? O. no; ye know the old sayin'. Familierarity breeds contemp." That's the way o' it. We're jist like the dogs. Didn't keer none after we gits used to it. We're iinnerally most afeerd o' what we know the least erbout. We jinnerally have the highest idees o' things we hain't never run up ergin.

"This makes me think o' Jim Larkin. Jim lived up in Hacklebarney. All his folks died when he was a-growin' up. They left him a heap o' property, too, fur them times. Didn't have to be wuth ten million to be rich in them days.

"When Jim was 19 the legislater at Jeff City give him the rights o' majority, so he could git holt o' his own property fur hisself, which was land an' niggers an' mules an' hosses an' a heap o' other truck.

"He soon decided to go out an' see the world.

"He'd been out West as fur as Kirks-ville, an' he'd been down to Canton on the Mississippl river, one time, with a drove o' hogs. This was twenty-five miles from home, but Jim knowed he hadn't been all over the world, so he started out one fine day in August to see as much o' it as he could.

"He wont 'way down to Palmyra. The say he got there they was a show in town. Jim had never seen one, so he bought four bit says, 'Show me a b'ar. I've heerd pap talk so much erbout b'ars 'at I want to see one the fust thing.' Some

that thing bar'handed.' The boss says 'Put up yer money ur git.' Jim went rown an' found the lawyer 'at had helyed settle his estate—ur rather he'd got a bill allowed fur a couple o' niggers' at somebody in Palmyra had sold to Jim's father 'fore he died. So the lawyer knowed Jim was wuth \$500 good enough. By the help o' the lawyer Jim raised \$500 an' he went back an' bought 'nuther four bits worth o' the show an' went in the big tent ergin. He made the bet.

"Jist outside o' Palmyra was a limekiln in the side o' the bluff. Erbout 5 o'clock that evenin' the b'ar an' Jim was sent out there to fight it out.

"The bar was fust put in the empty kiln an' poked an' punched with poles an' iron rods 'til he was awful mad. Then the 'tention o' the b'ar was drawed 'til Jim could crawl in through the eye o' the kiln.

"As soon as the b'ar seen Jim it kind o' riz on its hind feet an' tried to hug him. But it didn't close in on him. Jim jist jumped to one side an' landed a sledge-hammer lick with bis fist ergin the shert ribs o' the b'ar. The b'ar squalled an' slunk off to tuther side o' the kiln. It'd always been a pet an' was used to bein' whupped an' conquered, so no ermount o' punchin' an' pokin' would make it close in ergin. So Jim won the \$500.

"Jim stayed in Palmyra a few days to have a good time with his new friends. He had plenty of friends now. The news reached home—as they was some passin'—an' all the south eend o' Hackiebarney heerd erbout it.

"One Sunday jist before noon, Jim come walkin' in at meetin'. Old Parson Johnny Rowe was holdin' a protracted meetin'. He was jist in the mildle o' his sermon. But Jim put nigh broke up the meetin'. That's him! That's Jim Larkin, an' he whupped a b' ar bar'handed." Sich whisperin' an' murmurin' yo never heerd in meetin' in yer life!

"If Corbett an' Fitzsimmons was both to walk into a barroom full o' loafers they wouldn't cause more of a commotion an' sensation 'an Jim caused on 'at Sunday mornin', forty years ago, in Parson Rowe's meetin'.

"Jim was the lion o' the tribe

sensation 'an Jim caused on 'at Sunday mornin', forty years ago, in Parson Rowe's meetin'.

"Jim was the lion o' the tribe o' Hacklebarney, an' was often spoke of at the grocery in Sand Hill.

"But Jim couldn't rest with only one laurel on his brow. He knowed he hadn't whupped ever'thing o' the animal kind.

"So he had a notice put in a newspaper—a kind o' chailenge—at he'd fight any two buildogs in the state o' Missouri fur a thousand dollars a side.

"A Kaintucky farmer over in Saline county tuk aim up.

"Did he fight 'em? Well, no; not to any great extent. Ye see a hungry buildog hain't no pet b'ar cub. An' two buildogs is wiss—a heap wuss. One o' 'em grabbed Jim by a leg an' tuther got holt o' an arm an' they stretched him mighty quick. So he lost his \$1.000.

"What become o' Jim? I lost sight o' him time o' the war. But thirty year after his b'ar fight I seen him in a railroad camp out in Kansas. He was livin' in a tent with his wife an' four ur five children, an' he was shovelin' dirt fur a dollar an' four bits a day, an' losin' half o' his time at that on account o' rainy weather.

"Yes; ye're right. They is a heap o' difference 'tween a pet b'ar an' a wild unsometimes.

"That makes me think, I was down in the Ozarks wunt ermung some b'ars' 'at

swim an' cool hisself off a little, an' then make a fire to cook supper when we ali'd git back.

"When he got near the water-hole he heerd a splashin'. Lookin' down he see three rings o' water, an' got a glimpse o' the shapes o' somethin' in the aige o' the water-hole. He says to hisself, Them's our fellers, an' I'll skeer em to death." He lay down his rifle, took off his clothes, an' run an' give an Injun whoop an' jumped into the water right where he see the water a-shakin'.

"Was we there? Not much. It was three b'ars takin' a swim an' doin' a little fishin'. They was kind o' surprised. So was Jake. One was a big he b'ar, an' he made fur Jake. Jake was a good swimmer when he wa'n't too bad skeered. Now he was a little skeered. He started up through the middle o' the water hole, a-swimmin', a-stranglin' an' a gugglin', an' the b'ar after him. They was a big hangin' limb over the water, an' Jake got holt o' this an' cilm' up on it. Now he felt putty safe.

"The b'ar went ashore, an' all three o' 'em talked the matter over awhile. Jake rested—an' thought.

"The big b'ar clim' up the tree from the shore. Tother two looked on an' laughed. The big b'ar clim' up the tree an' out on the limb in erbout ten feet o' Jake. He couldn't git no fudder. The limb wasn't big enough fur him to hug. Jake tried to shake him off.

"That's where Jake made a mistake. He'd give the b'ar an idee. The b'ar says, Tumphhumph! Two kin play at that game! So he pressed his back ergin a limb higher up an' pushed down on the limb an' all. Then Jake commenced to holler. Every little while the b'ar'd souse him under. Them b'ars must a had a heap o' fun that afternoon! Jake kept hollerin'.

"Erbout sundown Bill, George an' me got into camp. We heerd Jake a hollerin', but he was so hoarse an' skeered he didn't sound nateral. So we thought somebody else'd got on our huntin' ground.

"We throwed down our game—a doe an' a fawn—an' went down to the water hole to see who it was, Jist as we gits nigh we see two b'ars skip out into the bresh an' lookin

EDWIN WALTERS. FLOORED WITH GEMS.

Pearls Worth \$350,000 Taken From the Gulf of California.

From the San Francisco Call. The agent of the English proprietors of the concession granted by the Mexican republic for a monopoly of pearl fishing in the Gulf of California recently arrived in

the Gulf of California recently arrived in the Gulf of California recently arrived in San Francisco and gave some interesting details of the present methods employed in their industry, which has continued ever since the occupation of the country in the time of Cortez.

The whole coast of the Gulf of California abounds in pearls, and the concessions control the entire territory. Until within the last few years native divers were employed, and the depth to which they could descend did not exceed thirty-five feet. With the introduction of diving apparatus that limit of depth was increased to thirty fathoms. The best divers could formerly remain under water not to exceed two minutes. A modern diver thinks nothing of a two hour stop in water 100 feet in depth, though at greater depths the stay is necessarily shortened on account of the enormous pressure of the superincumbent water. A diver when upon the floor of the occan looks about for the oyster, which he tears from the object to which it is attached, and places it in a small beg hanging to a rope, which is hauled into the boat on a given signal. Sometimes the number of oysters secured is large, at other times only a few are caught. The diver does confine himself to the pearl oyster alone, but if he sees a rare specimen of coral or a new species of shell he places it in his bag and sends it to the surface, where it becomes the property of the concession and one source of its large income.

Last year the value of the pearls harvested in Lower California was alone \$30.000 in addition, \$500 tons of shells were exported, which were valued at \$1.20.000 mcre. Pearl fishing is the entire occupation of the natives, and La Pez, the headquarters, a city of the peninsular, with about 2,000 inhabitants, is solely dependent upon the industry. The business is one of chance, and the pursuit is a fascinating one to the natives, who are born gamblers.

Every oyster does not contain its pearl, and only at intervals, and rare ones at that, is a really valuable pearl discovered. The

that, is a really valuable pearl discovered. The largest one ever found was about three-quarters of an inch in diameter, and was sold in Paris to the emperor of Austria for \$10,000. Many black pearls are found in Lower California and are valued higher than the pure white. The large majority are seed pearls and are only of moderate value.

San Francisco is not the market for Mexican pearls, though it ought to be. The harvest is exported straight to London and Paris and distributed from those great markets.

The dangers of pearl fishing have always been exaggerated, possibly to give a fictitious value to the beautiful gens. The less of life in the fisheries in Lower California was undoubtedly larger before the introduction of the diving dress, but it is not an established fact that the death were always caused by the shark or octopus, though these marine monsters were without doubt responsible for the less of many lives. Every diver has plenty of hair raising stories to relate of narrow escapes from death, but as he is the only witness of these affairs, it makes the difficulty to substantiate them so much the greater.

The occupation at best is a hazardous

greater.

The occupation at best is a hazardous one, and those who were engaged in it before the introduction of diving apparatus were always short lived. The demand in the world's market for pearis of extra beauty is always far in excess of the supply.

A Georgia Breakdown.

Hi, there, darkies, don't you hear the ban-jo trum? Hustle up yer heels, now—when you gwine Fetch another razzle dat will paralyze a
few few-Shing shang shell-a-wang pop-l-let-i-cul When I lived in Georgia—don't you t'ink I nebber did?
Dat was 'fore de wa', you know, jes' a little kid—
Used to dance de shuffle in de cabin 'long with Lou-Shing shang shell-a-wang pop-i-let-i-cu! Take de fiddle yander dat am hangin' on de wall.
Draw de squack 'cross her back, listen
when da' call;
Churn de floo', good 'nough! pa'dner, how
d'do?
Shing shang shell-a-wang pop-i-let-i-cu!

Fiddle drives me crazy! Oh how good it makes me fee!
When it teches up de crazy bone an' settles in de hee!
So I shakes de trubble when I shakes de foot with you—
Shing shang shell-a-wang pop-i-let-i-cu! Slow de music up a bit-hardly fair to

drive All de breaf out of me an' leave me jes' I fears I dies a-dancin'-stop de music if I do-Shing shang shell-a-wang pop-i-let-i-cu! So I strikes my gait ag'in-let de music Jes' a little faster now, master ob de bow; Don't be wastin' hours when de minutes are so few-Shing shang shell-a-wang pop-i-let-i-cu!

From Truth.

Chumley—"You're a mighty poor talker, especially to ladies. How did you raise the nerve to propose to Miss Sweet?"

Dumley—"Oh—aw: I didnt say much of anything: I handed my ring to her and she slipped it on her left finger, and said, 'All right, it fits!"

Tourist Sleeper to California

Take Chair Car (Seats Free) on the Burlington's morning train to Lincoln, and join the personally conducted Weekly Tourists' Excursion, leaving Lincoln at 5-65 p. m. every Thursday for California. For folders and information inquire at Ticket Office, 1944 Union avenue or \$23 Main street.

They "Also" Ran.

Grymes—"The bride was quite a popular girl, wasn't she?"
Gobang—"Yes. indeed. The Daily Whoop sent their sporting editor to report it. He printed a list of rejected lovers half a column long under the heading, 'Among Those Who Also Ran,'"

Her Oasis.

As round her graceful girdle he
One arm with pressure placed.
She, sighing, said: "Life, after all,
Is not a desert waist."
—Richmond Dispatch.

"He went 'way down to Palmyra. The day he got there they was a show in town. Jim had never seen one, so he bought four bits worth an' went into the big tent. They didn't nothin' interest him at fust. Finally, he says, 'Show me a b'ar. I've heard pap talk so much erbout b'ars 'at I want to see one the fust thing.' Some o' the show layout tuk him 'round ermong the cages an' netraduced him to a little 3-year-old black b'ar. Jim was disgusted. He expected to see somethin' big as a cow.

"He stood round am' put up sich a funny talk erbout it 'at nearly ever'body got to laughin'. This made the boss o' the show mad. He says to Jim. You don't know nothin' erbout-b'ars. You'd better move on 'fore the elephant eats ye fur grass. Ye're the greenest thing he's run up ergin' this season."

"Jim says, 'Til bet you \$500 I can whup' he'd go down to the water-hole an' take a lend of the mountain an' was gone 'til put night in camp.

"He hadn't killed nothin', so he thought he'd go down to the water-hole an' take a lend of the mountain an' was gone 'til put night he'd go down to the water-hole an' take a lend of the mountain an' was gone 'til put night he'd go down to the water-hole an' take a lend of the mountain an' was gone 'til put night he'd go down to the water-hole an' take a lend of the mountain an' was gone 'til put night he'd go down to the water-hole an' take a lend of the mountain an' was gone 'til put night he'd go down to the water-hole an' take a lend of the water-hole an' take a lend of the wind under the country to the camp.

"He hadn't killed nothin', so he thought he'd go down to the water-hole an' take a lend of the water-hole an' take a lend for you-a letter from papa, and he will be with us to-day."
"Oh, why didn't you let me get the gold?" "Well, don't you think he is better than a gold mine?" said her mother, kissing a gold mine?" said her mother, her. Afterward, when she had told them all about it, she still believed the dwart's gold had something to do with her papa's visit. Papa was inclined to think so, too. M. G. P.